The Sunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But wee will ſhippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee muſt with all our Maieſty and ſkill *Enter Roſ. & Guyld.*,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſſet hath hee drag'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out ſpeake fayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whoſe whiſper o'er the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Tranſports his poyſned ſhot, may miſſe our name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, O come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *Roſencraus and others.*

Ham. Safely ſtowd, but ſoftly, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet*? O heere they come.

Roſ. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt whereto it is kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile and not mine owne, beſides to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the K
body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to

Enter King,

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him
How dangerous is it that this man
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong L
Hee's lou'd of the diſtracted multi
Who like not in their iudgement,
And where tis ſo, th'offenders ſco
But neuer the offence: to beare al
This ſuddaine ſending him away
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſpera
By deſperate applyance are relie
Or not at all.

Enter Roſencr

King. How now, what hath b

Roſ. Where the dead body is
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without my Lord, guard

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſ. Hoe, bring in the Lord.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but
cation of politique wormes are e
Emperour for dyet, we fat all cre
ſelues for maggots, your fat King
ble ſeruice, two diſhes but to one

King. Alaſſe, alaſſe.

Ham. A man may fiſh with t
eate of the fiſh that hath fedde of

King. What doſt thou meane

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew y

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